THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 11, 1804.

ANECDOTES *of the late* SIR FRANCIS SYKES, BART.

THIS gentleman died a few months ago, in the ſeventy-fourth year of his age, and was interred in a vault in Baſſeldon church. It was intended by the friends of the late baronet, at Wallingford, from motives of reſpect to his memory, to elect his ſon to repreſent that borough in parliament, and a canvaſs was actually made for that purpoſe; but ſome doubts ariſing in the minds of the truſtees under the will of the late Sir Francis, how far they were juſtified in giving their ſanction to ſo important a meaſure without the concurrence of the ſon, and he being in Germany, it was at length reſolved by the town, that its choice ſhould devolve on a friend of the family, and George Galway Mills, Eſq. was in conſequence elected.

The late Sir Francis Sykes was returned four times for Wallingford, at which place he was much eſteemed for his uniform attention to its intereſts, and his obliging carriage to the inhabitants, by whom his memory will be long cheriſhed with peculiar reſpect. Whenever any queſtion of more than ordinary moment was agitated in the Houſe of Commons, it was Sir Francis's practice to conſult the opinion of his conſtituents, and to regulate his conduct on the occaſion agreeable to their inſtructions; and he has been known to ſacrifice his own private judgment to the wiſhes of his electors.

As a domeſtic man, he was an exemplar to thoſe who move in the ſphere of conſequence and opulence. Magnificent without oſtentation, and œconomical without parſimony, he vied in the regularity of his accounts with the method and accuracy of the tradeſman. As a magiſtrate of the county of Berks, he will be much lamented, being a man of buſineſs, and uniting thoſe neceſſary qualifications, diſcrimination, patience, perſeverance.

On his return from India, he purchaſed the manſion and eſtate of the late Lord Fane, at Baſſeldon; and at ſome diſtance from the ſite of the old houſe erected a new one, of very ſtately architecture, where he ſpent the greater part of his time in rural dignity.

The following anecdotes of him ought not to be forgotten, as they reflect an amiable luſtre on his memory:—

At a former election for Wallingford, he applied to a voter whoſe ſon lived with him in the capacity of a ſervant, and was kindly treated in his family. To the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, he met with a poſitive and unexpected refuſal! He had, however, the magnanimity to order his domeſtics to treat the lad with kindneſs, obſerving that he was not anſwerable for the conduct of his father; and he continued in the ſervice of Sir Francis until his deceaſe.

The other incident alluded to is this. On one occaſion, when he went with his lady to his pariſh church at Baſſeldon, he found it ſo completely thronged with hearers, that it was impoſſible for them to gain acceſs to their pew. In this ſituation, inſtead of leaving the place with diſguſt, as ſome would have done, they cheerfully ſubmitted to the mean accommodations of the church porch during the whole of the ſervice.

An Account of the Journey of Louis XVI. King of France, with the Royal Family, from Paris to Varennes, and of their Return to the Capital, in June, 1791; drawn up from the Informations of one of the King's Body-Guards, by John Dougall.

(Continued from Page 449.)

AFTER this the carriage moved onwards, through Varennes, for about two hundred ſteps, when it was ſtopped by a crowd of national guards, filling the ſtreet, and preſenting their muſkets at the drivers, who, as may be ſuppoſed from their former behaviour, were ſoon induced to halt.*

Two men ſtanding directly oppoſite to the door of the carriage, on the left ſide, pointed their muſkets againſt it, calling out, "Fire!" M. de Mouſtier puſhed down one of the pieces, and ſeized the other with one hand, while he clapped the other to his hanger.

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* It is worthy of remark, that, as the coach entered Varennes, when it was both late and dark, a loud whiſtle was heard by M. de Malden and others of the company.

The queen inſtantly commanded him to abſtain from any violence; and he, without quitting his hold of the muſket, but puſhing it gently to one ſide, that, if it did go off, the charge might not touch the carriage, juſt ſaid, with a low voice, "What, Madam! will you not ſuffer me to drive away this rabble?"—"No! (anſwered the queen,) don't meddle with them; you would only hinder us: this will ſoon be over."

Juſt at this juncture, Sauſſe, procureur of the commune, (town,) came up with the commandant of the volunteers, or national guards, and, under the pretence of executing his magiſterial duty, aſked for the paſſports of the travellers, and made the royal family alight.

They were conducted to Sauſſe's houſe, which was everywhere filled with national guards.

When they entered an apartment, the king went and ſat down at the farther end; the queen and Princeſs Elizabeth ſeated themſelves one on each ſide of the king, but a little farther forward, that, if poſſible, they might conceal his majeſty from the prying eyes of the multitude, who ſhewed the utmoſt eagerneſs to behold him.

For the ſame purpoſe M. de Mouſtier placed himſelf on a chair between the queen and the princeſs, and immediately before the king.

Some one of the crowd having obſerved, "They ſay this is the king;" "If you ſuppoſed this to be the king, (ſaid M. de Mouſtier), you ought already to be at his feet: and if he be only a common traveller, what right have you to interrupt his journey?"

On hearing what paſſed, his majeſty roſe from his chair, and advancing to the middle of the chamber, ſaid aloud, "Yes, I am your king!—Being worn out with the outrages to which I have been ſo long expoſed in the capital, I have at laſt reſolved to withdraw to a remote corner of my dominions; and there I am convinced I ſhall again meet with genuine marks of that affection which the French have, from the earlieſt times, borne to their rightful ſovereigns."

No ſooner were theſe words uttered by his majeſty, than Sauſſe, the procureur, and Hannonet, the commander of the national guards, ſtruck with awe, threw themſelves at his majeſty's feet, and with tears poured forth proteſtations of their love and reſpect for all the royal family, and of their joy in beholding their king in the midſt of his people: they even added their reſolution to ſhed the laſt drop of their blood for his ſervice.

His majeſty and the queen raiſed them from the ground, and he ſpoke to them in the following manner:

"My good people are not criminal; they are only miſled. They have not utterly ſhaken off their ancient love for their ſo-

vereign; and as a proof of the ſincere affection I bear to them, I declare that I am ready to take an equal number of the national guards and of the regular troops to accompany me to Montmedy, whither I have reſolved to retire. I therefore order you, Sir, the commander of the national guards, to chooſe out the proper number for the purpoſe; and let the horſes be put to the carriage immediately, for I muſt inſtantly ſet out."

Theſe very men, who but the inſtant before had given ſuch marks of devotion to their king, inſtead of obeying his commands, boldly declared that they neither could nor would proceed with him.

"I order you to make ready (ſaid his majeſty), I inſiſt on it, and that without delay."

On receiving an anſwer ſimilar to the former, he turned from them, and went back to his chair.

To complete the king's diſtreſs, the regular troops were juſt as much loſt to all ſenſe of duty; for the detachment of Lauzun's huſſars, which came up at this time, on arriving under Sauſſe's windows, without heſitation, at the requeſt of the national guards, ſhouted out *Vive la Nation!*

The royal family went and remained a conſiderable time at the windows of the apartment; the queen holding up the dauphin in her arms, and the Princeſs Elizabeth carrying the young Princeſs Royal. They preſented them to the multitude aſſembled in the ſtreet, whom they addreſſed with a goodneſs and condeſcenſion, mingled with dignity, ſufficient to have touched the moſt unfeeling hearts; but all was to no purpoſe.

The regular troops, in former days ſo much alive to ſentiments of honour and duty, perſiſted in their attachment to the multitude, for whom they had declared themſelves; but an officer of the huſſars coming up to the king, requeſted his orders: "You ſee (ſaid his majeſty,) that I can give no orders. You muſt know yourſelf what you ought to do."

But the moſt diſtreſſing circumſtance of all was the unaccountable abſence of the brave but unfortunate De Bouillé, with the gallant regiment of royal allemand, a regiment which had never failed to diſtinguiſh itſelf for every excellent quality.

M. de Goguelas, aide-de-camp to M. de Bouillé, in endeavouring to get up to the king, received ſeveral bullets through his clothes, but made good his way. He had, however, converſed but a few moments with his majeſty, when they were interrupted by the arrival of the aides-du-camp of La Fayette, from Paris. Theſe perſons went up to his majeſty, and preſented to him a packet on the part of the *ſoi-diſant* national aſſembly.

The king, in the firſt moments of his agitation, threw it from him. It would have fallen on the bed where lay the poor dauphin, who was feveriſh, and much fatigued with the journey.

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The queen, whoſe preſence of mind and ſenſe of dignity never forſook her, catched the packet in the air, and exclaiming, " What, Sire, would you ſtain the dauphin with this!" threw it on the floor.

The packet was picked up, and again preſented to the king, who, on opening it, after a moment's ſilence, ſaid aloud, " The perjured monſters! they dare to arreſt their king—(Quoi, les parjures! ils oſent arreter leur roi.")

Then turning to the people aſſembled about him, he pronounced, with a feeling and an air capable to have touched a heart of ſtone, theſe words, " Your king a priſoner!—(Votre roi priſonnier!)"

Addreſſing himſelf next to the aides-du-camp of La Fayette, he ſaid, " I well knew that there were in my kingdom traitors and prodigies of wickedneſs; but I could never have believed nor imagined that any body of men could have been ſo loſt to every thing that is ſacred amongſt men, as to have arreſted their ſovereign."

The aides-du-camp were affected, even to tears, at this ſpeech; and, with the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of dutiful reſpect and attachment to the royal family, declared, that at that very moment, perhaps, Paris was a prey to fire and ſword, when the people began to fear that they had loſt the moſt upright, the beſt of kings; and urged the abſolute neceſſity for the king's inſtant return ſo the capital.*

Their majeſties, untouched by the artful language of theſe gentlemen, turned away, obſerving, that the tears and proteſtations of men who had broken every engagement, even the moſt ſacred oaths, were but little calculated to move them: adding, that all that theſe officers had now to do, was to pay due reſpect to the orders of their king; for that he was determined inſtantly to proceed to Montmedy.

The king immediately directed M. de Mouſtier to put the horſes to his carriage; but the national guards endeavoured, with their arms, to obſtruct his paſſage, uſing at the ſame time the moſt unbecoming language.

M. de Mouſtier, feeling too ſtrongly the duty he had to diſcharge for his unfortunate maſter, and ſpeaking to the guards in that tone which a ſenſe of duty can alone inſpire, forced his way through the crowd, and made for the ſtables of the poſt-houſe. He entered two, where no horſes were to be found: and after having in vain inſiſted that they ſhould be produced, he

* Theſe two aides-du-camp were, Baillon, formerly an officer in the corps of engineers, and Romeufs, a young man of great property, whoſe exterior was as fair and handſome, as his interior was foul and deformed.

he returned to the king, to acquaint him with what had paſſed, but concealing the abominable diſcourſes he had heard without doors.

Their majeſties, who appeared to be much more anxious for the welfare of thoſe perſons who had the happineſs to belong to them, than for their own ſafety, when they ſaw that it was impoſſible to continue the journey, were ſolely occupied in deviſing means to favour the eſcape of the three couriers.

Theſe officers, on the other hand, had no other wiſh than that, by ſhedding their blood in the cauſe of their royal maſter, and his afflicted family, they might unequivocally demonſtrate to the world, that unhappy France ſtill poſſeſſed ſome men who had not renounced their duty and allegiance to the beſt of princes.

Princeſs Elizabeth contrived, in a way not obſerved by the crowd in the chamber, to ſlip into M. de Mouſtier's pocket ſome rouleaux of louis-d'or, together with her own purſe.

M. de Mouſtier could neither return the money to the princeſs, nor even aſk why it was thus given to him. He feared, indeed, that he or his companions had had the misfortune unknowingly to give ſome offence to the royal family, and that therefore they wiſhed him and the others to be gone. In conſequence of this he took the firſt opportunity that preſented itſelf to conjure their majeſties to grant him yet one favour.

" Alas! (ſaid they,) what can we now do for you; ſay, what do you wiſh?"

" The favour (rejoined M. de Mouſtier,) of being permitted ſtill to hold even the meaneſt ſituation about your ſacred perſons—among your houſehold ſervants—never more to leave you. As it is no longer in my power to ſerve you in my military capacity, I ſhall conſider myſelf tenfold happier in the moſt humble ſtation, than I ſhould be in filling the moſt exalted, in other times and in other circumſtances."

Their reply was, after a ſhort pauſe, " No, no, you ſhall never leave us."

The national guards during all this time, notwithſtanding repeated orders to withdraw, had the indecent inſolence to remain, not at the door, but in the middle of the room where the royal family were detained.

M. de Mouſtier at laſt loſing his patience at ſuch conduct, repreſented to Sauſſe the extreme impropriety of it; adding, that although he had ſo manifeſtly failed in his duty to the king, yet that there were other obligations of common propriety, from which he certainly could not ſuppoſe himſelf to be releaſed.

On this the queen and princeſs Elizabeth ſaid twice to M. de Mouſtier, in a low voice, " Take care; don't be ſo warm: we

ſhall ſoon be relieved; and when the troops arrive, it will be time enough for you to act.*

Princeſs Elizabeth obſerving in the crowd M. de Signemont, formerly captain of grenadiers in the regiment of Chatre, and a knight of St. Louis, ſaid to him, "Although a recollection of your birth, Sir, has not been able to keep you in the path of duty and honour, yet that croſs, which has been beſtowed on you, ought undoubtedly to have prevented you from going aſtray."

"Madam, (anſwered he,) I was a citizen before I was a ſoldier."

"Very well, Sir, (replied the princeſs turning from him,) he who has been a traitor to one party, will be a traitor to another, as circumſtances ſhall occur."

This perſon had been choſen commandant of the national guards at Neuvilly, and had come, with all his corps, to join thoſe of Varennes; where he had been a tranquil ſpectator of every indignity and outrage offered to his unfortunate ſovereign.

Theſe and ſimilar ſcenes, all moſt diſgraceful for the French name, continued throughout the whole night, until half an hour paſt ſeven in the morning of Wedneſday the 23d of June.

His majeſty obſerving the horſes in the carriage, again gave orders to proceed to Montmedy; but notwithſtanding the bold and determined manner in which his orders were given, they were utterly diſregarded; and when the royal family had taken their places in the carriage, it took the road back to Paris. The horſes walked very ſlowly, and the ſurrounding multitude covered not only the road but the fields on each ſide.

The multitude increaſed as the carriage drew near to Paris, and every man, woman, and even child, in it, appeared to be armed with a gun, piſtol, ſabre, hatchet, bill, pruning-hook, pitchfork, ſcythe, reaping-hook, or other inſtrument, which chance preſented to each.

(To be continued.)

* The hopes of ſuccours and deliverance did not abandon the royal family until they had arrived at Chalons, on their return to Paris: but on leaving this town, the behaviour of the mob became ſo outrageous and horrible, as to terrify any well-diſpoſed perſons who might have been inclined to favour them.

MEMOIRS *of* GENERAL MOREAU.

(Continued from Page 445.)

DURING the greateſt part of 1798, Moreau lived retired, and in diſgrace. His active mind was, however, not without

out employment: he partly occupied himſelf with writing the particulars of his own campaigns, and partly in reading the memoirs of other great generals. Bonaparte was at this time the favourite with the directory, the army, and the people; but ſuch were his baſe jealouſy and ſhameful ingratitude towards General Moreau, to whoſe reinforcements, ſent to Italy in the winter, 1796, he owed all his late ſucceſs, that he neither once ſpoke in his favour to Barras, as Moreau deſired him, nor returned the viſit Moreau paid him before his departure to Egypt.

General Moreau revenged himſelf nobly for this inſolent neglect; for after the victory of Lord Nelſon, on the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1798, when Bonaparte was unable to return as ſoon as he had intended, Madame Bonaparte was reduced to ſuch great diſtreſs as even to pawn her jewels. Her ſituation was reported to Moreau, who ſent her 100,000 livres by a ſtranger, upon her bond only; and Bonaparte had been the firſt conſul for upwards of twelve months, before he knew to whom he was indebted for this act of generoſity, and it was then only diſcovered by the indiſcretion of Moreau's friend.

In the winter of 1798, when the directory apprehended that hoſtilities would re-commence with Auſtria, Moreau was ſent as inſpector-general to the army of Italy, under the command of General Scherer; an inferior ſtation for a perſon of Moreau's merit and rank; but he has more than once proved himſelf, both before and ſince, to be above punctilios, when his country was in danger, and he could ſerve or ſave it.

On the 18th of April, the Ruſſian auxiliaries, commanded by Field-marſhal Suwarrow, joined the Auſtrians at Verona. Suwarrow had riſen from the ranks, through all the intermediate gradations, to that of general in chief, and brought with him a reputation eſtabliſhed by more than fifty victorious campaigns. A ſhort time before his arrival in Italy, the French had again been defeated by General Kray near Maguan, and by Count De Bellegarde in the Tyrol. It was at this period that Scherer, overwhelmed with the curſes of the allies, and of the troops of France, reſigned the command, and Moreau, whoſe reputation had not been diminiſhed by the late events, was appointed his ſucceſſor.

This dangerous, but honourable appointment, Moreau accepted, not with any hope to repair the diſaſters of the beginning of this campaign, becauſe the French directory furniſhed him with no means to do it, but, if poſſible, to ſtop, prevent, or diminiſh, the fatal conſequences of ſo many defeats, of ſo many wants, and of ſo great a diſcontent in the ruined army of which he aſſumed the command.

All military men, Frenchmen, Auſtrians, and Ruſſians, acknowledge that he here diſplayed a genius and talents worthy the greateſt captain of any age; and it is indeed impoſſible to

refuſe him a well deſerved admiration, when one conſiders with what art, ability, and courage, he diſputed, at the head of the feeble remnants of an army without pay, without cloathing, without magazines, and without hope of reinforcements, a country of ſome few leagues, which all Europe expected would only coſt the victorious armies of the combined powers ſome days marches.

To the united forces of Auſtria and Ruſſia Moreau had to oppoſe only thirty-five thouſand men, haraſſed by continual and ſevere marches, diſcouraged and intimidated by recent defeats and diſaſters, diſaffected, diſcontented, and miſtruſtful. A retreat, therefore, became neceſſary: Iſola, Della, Scala, and Villa Franca, were abandoned in ſucceſſion; the Mincio was croſſed; and the ſtrong fortreſſes of Peſchiera and Mantua being left to their fate, Generals Kray and Klenau formed the blockade of both with a body of twenty-five thouſand men.

During the long and hard-fought battle of Caſſano, Moreau was every where encouraging his troops with his preſence, and inſpiring confidence by his example; on that memorable day he rather courted than ſhunned danger, in hope to reſtore, if not victory to France, at leaſt to leſſen the effects of the victory of a too powerful enemy. Moreau had three aides-de-camp killed by his ſide, two horſes wounded, and one horſe killed under him, and was ſlightly wounded himſelf. This battle decided the fate of the Ciſalpine republic, and the next day the allies entered Milan.

After the ſurrender of Turin, Alexandria, and Mantua, and ſince the retreat of Macdonald into the Ligurian territory, Suwarrow, having now conquered the greater part of Italy, began to menace the ſouthern departments of France; but he was kept in check by the army of Moreau, which ſtill occupied its formidable poſition in the neighbourhood of Genoa; and although inferior in point of numbers, prevented the advance of his antagoniſt, by threatening to fall upon his rear.

Moreau, in return for the many and brilliant ſervices which he had rendered his country, received nothing but inſults, ingratitude, and neglect, from the French directors, who were as odious for their tyranny as contemptible for their meanneſs. It was not therefore ſurpriſing that he joined Bonaparte to overthrow the directorial government, although he did not quite approve either of the manner in which the Corſican uſurped power, or the uſe he made of it after its uſurpation. Moreau paſſed the winter of 1799 at Paris, and was often heard to ſay, that until an honourable peace had reſtored the tranquillity and happineſs of his countrymen, he would ſerve any perſon who ſhould aſſume or uſurp the executive government: either a Robeſpierre or a Bourbon; a Barras or a Bonaparte; but peace and order once returned, he would oppoſe all ambitious intriguers,

ſanſculottes, or princes, directors, or conſuls, who abuſed their power to enſlave Frenchmen, and were infamous enough to deprive them of a liberty for which they had been fighting ſo many years, and for which they had made ſuch numerous ſacrifices. Moreau repeated this language in all the ſocieties he frequented; there is little doubt but that it came to the knowledge of Bonaparte, and therefore explains a part of his late conduct towards this general.

The plan of the campaign for 1800 was drawn entirely by Moreau. In its outline it did not differ greatly from that of the two preceding campaigns, but the means were more proportionate to the end: it was intended to act with large maſſes againſt inferior numbers, and by means of a combined movement with the armies of Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, to end the conteſt with the capture of Vienna.

Before Moreau left Paris, in the ſpring of the year 1800, to take the command of the army, he had obtained permiſſion to pay his addreſſes to a young, beautiful, rich, and accompliſhed lady; he declined, however, to celebrated the nuptials, until his victories had procured his country a ſafe and honourable peace, fearful, as he ſaid, that Mars, *jealous of* Venus, *ſhould treat him a la* Joubert. After the convention of Hohenlinden, and when the Auſtrian and French miniſters were negociating a definitive peace at Luneville, which Moreau, from the known weakneſs of Auſtria, believed certain, he went to Paris, and, as an elegant hiſtorian has ſaid, he entwined the roſes of Hymen with the laurels of Mars.

Proud and vain, from the ſucceſſes he had met with in all his undertakings, the Bonaparte of the autumn, 1800, was become very different from the Bonaparte whom Moreau left in the ſpring, agitated by abſurd ſchemes, and tormented by an ambition which he had but little proſpect of gratifying; he, however, received Moreau as he ought to receive a general to whom he owed every thing. In the preſence of all the foreign ambaſſadors, and of many French generals, he ſaid:—"General Moreau, you have made the campaign of a conſummate and great captain, while I have only made the campaign of a young and fortunate man." The truth and juſtneſs of this remark, no military man, either of the preſent or of any future age, can deny.

Moreau had not been married a fortnight before he was obliged to repair to his head-quarters, becauſe, preciſely three weeks after the Auſtrian and French plenipotentiaries had met at Luneville, for the expreſs purpoſe of renewing the negociations for peace, a rupture of the armiſtice took place, and hoſtilities were once more reſorted to. The French, unable to force Auſtria to a ſeparate treaty, and relying on the aſcen-

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dancy which they had obtained, determined to recommence the war.

Moreau, therefore, inſtantly repaired to his head-quarters, and publiſhed an addreſs to the ſoldiers, in which he requeſted them " to exhibit the ſame gallantry, and the ſame diſregard to the rigours of the ſeaſon, which they had before diſplayed, when employed in the defence of Fort Kehl, and the conqueſt of Holland."

While Angereau, after defeating the raw levies of the Elector of Mentz, was penetrating through Franconia, to communicate with the commander in chief, General Moreau, the latter put himſelf at the head of the moſt numerous army that France had ever ſent into Germany, and proceeded in queſt of the enemy. Their advanced guards encountered each other at Haag, and the Auſtrians obtained the ſuperiority. The French were beaten at the ſame time at Roſenheim; an event to be attributed chiefly to the bravery of the troops of the Prince de Conde, in the pay of Great Britain.

(To be continued.)

Watkins's Account of the Origin of April Fool's-day.

THE firſt of April is generally called All-fool's day, a corruption, it ſhould ſeem, of *Auld*, i. e. Old-fool's-day; accordingly in the ancient Roman calendar, we find this obſervation: " The feaſt of old-fools is removed to this day," (November the firſt). This (old-fools) ſeems to denote it to be a different day from the " feaſt of fools," which was held on the firſt of January, of which a particular deſcription may be found in Du Cange's learned Gloſſary in Verbo Kalendæ.

All our antiquaries are ſilent concerning the firſt of April. It owes its beginning probably to a *removal*, which was of frequent uſe in the crowded Roman calendar. " There is nothing hardly (ſays the author of an Eſſay to Retrieve the Ancient Celtic) that will bear a clearer demonſtration than that the primitive Chriſtians, by way of conciliating the pagans to a better worſhip, humoured their prejudices, by yielding to a conformity of names, and even of cuſtoms, where they did not eſſentially interfere with the fundamentals of the goſpel-doctrine. This was done in order to quiet their poſſeſſion, and to ſecure their tenure; an admirable expedient, and extremely fit, in thoſe barbarous times, to prevent the people from returning to their old religion. Amongſt theſe, in imitation of the Roman Saturnalia, was the Feſtum Fatuorum, when part of the jollity of the ſeaſon was a burleſque election of a mock pope, mock cardinals, mock biſhops, attended with a thouſand ridiculous and indecent ceremonies, gambols, and antics, ſuch as ſinging and dancing in the

churches, in lewd attitudes, to ludicrous anthems, all alluſively to the exploded pretenſions of the druids, whom theſe ſports were calculated to expoſe to ſcorn and deriſion. This feaſt of fools (adds the ſame writer) had its deſigned effect, and contributed more perhaps to the extermination of thoſe heathens, than all the collateral aids of fire and ſword, neither of which were ſpared in the perſecution of them. The continuance of cuſtoms (eſpecially droll ones, which ſuit the groſs taſte of the multitude) after the original cauſe of them has ceaſed, is a great, but no uncommon abſurdity."

Our epithet of old fools (in the northern and old Engliſh *auld)* does not ill accord with the pictures of druids tranſmitted to us. The united appearances of age, ſanctity, and wiſdom, which theſe ancient prieſts aſſumed, doubtleſs contributed not a little to the deception of the people. The Chriſtian teachers, in their labours to undeceive the fettered multitudes, would probably ſpare no pains to pull off the maſk from theſe venerable hypocrites, and point out to their converts that age was not always ſynonymous with wiſdom; that youth was not the peculiar period of folly, but that with young ones there were alſo old *(auld)* fools.—See Brand's Popular Antiquities, 8vo. 1777, p. 398.

In one of the volumes of the Aſiatic Reſearches, there is, I think, mention made of a ſimilar feaſt of fools, ſtill celebrated amongſt the Hindoos, and attended exactly with the ſame whimſical circumſtances as are obſerved with us on the firſt of April.

Mr. Wheatley, in his "Illuſtration of the Common Prayer," p. 61, ſays, that "St. Valentine was a man of moſt admirable parts, and ſo famous for his love and charity, that the cuſtom of chuſing Valentines upon his feſtival (which is ſtill practiſed) took its riſe from thence." This explication, however, it muſt be owned, is exceedingly ſtrained and obſcure. Perhaps it may be illuſtrated a little, by conſidering that, as by the Romiſh canons marriages were prohibited during Lent, and as Valentine's day formerly happened neareſt the commencement of that ſeaſon of auſterity, the young men and maidens exchanged love-tokens as pledges of their ſincerity and intention to unite in the bonds of wedlock when the days of reſtriction ſhould be ended.

Mr. Brand obſerves on this ſubject, that "birds are ſaid to chooſe their mates about this time of the year, and probably from thence came the cuſtom of young perſons chuſing Valentines, or ſpecial loving friends, on that day: this is the commonly received opinion. I rather incline (ſays he) to controvert this, ſuppoſing it to be the remains of an ancient ſuperſtition in the church of Rome on this day, of chooſing patrons for

the

the year enſuing, and that becauſe ghoſts* were thought to walk on the night of this day, or about this time."

Chaucer, however, ſeems to have held the opinion here controverted. The old bard thus explains the ſtatute for obſerving Valentine's day:

" Nature the vicare of the Almightie Lord,
That hote, colde, hevie, light, moiſt, and drie
Hath knit, by even nomber of accord,
In eaſie voice, began to ſpeak and ſay:
Foules take hede of my ſentence I pray,
And for your own eaſe, in fordering off your need,
As faſt as I may ſpeak, I will me ſpeed.
Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's day,
By my ſtatute, and through my governaunce,
Ye doe theſe your makes, and after flie away
With hem, as I pricke you with pleaſaunce."

* This appears from an obſervation on the 14th of February, in the old Romiſh calendar:

" Manes noctes vagari creduntur."

On LAY PREACHING.

THOUGH this irregular practice may now be juſtly condemned, yet in the ſixteenth century it was publicly allowed. Sir Thomas More, after he was called to the bar in Lincoln's Inn, did, for a conſiderable time, read a public lecture out of St. Auſtin, " De Civitate Dei," in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry. Richard Taverner, clerk of the ſignet, though a layman, obtained, in 1552, a ſpecial licence from Edward the Sixth, to preach in any place of his dominions; and the more for this reaſon (ſaith Wood), becauſe the ſcarcity and ſlackneſs of preachers was ſo great, that ſome of the king's chaplains were appointed to ride circuit about the kingdom, to preach to the people, eſpecially againſt popery. I have been informed (ſaith the Oxford antiquary) that he preached before the king at court, and in ſome public places in the kingdom, wearing a velvet bonnet or round cap, a damaſk gown, and a chain of gold about his neck: in which habit he was ſeen and heard preaching ſeveral times in St. Mary's church, Oxford, in the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But what ſort of edification his hearers muſt have received from his exhortations may be ſeen in the following ſpecimen of his oratorical talents in 1569, at which time he was high-ſheriff of Oxfordſhire; in which office he appeared in St. Mary's pulpit with his ſword by his ſide, and a chain of gold about his neck. Thus he began:

" Arriving

" Arriving at the mount of St. Mary's in the ſtony ſtage* where I now ſtand, I have brought you ſome fine biſkets baked in the oven of charity, carefully conſerved for the chickens of the church, the ſparrows of the ſpirit, and the ſweet ſwallows of ſalvation."

This Richard Taverner publiſhed ſeveral theological meditations and poems, and died at his ſeat in Oxfordſhire, in 1575. However ridiculous this preacher's exordium appears, yet ſome grave divines in the following century did not come ſhort of him in the metaphorical ſtyle of oratory. Dr. John Arrowſmith, fellow of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, in a ſermon before the Houſe of Commons, January 25, 1642, has the following flowers of rhetoric:—

" 'Tis a ſpiritual affection, that hath the Holy Ghoſt for its father, faith for its mother, prayer for its midwife, the word for its nurſe, ſincerity for its keeper, and trembling for its handmaid."

Dr. William Spurſtow, in a faſt ſermon, before the ſame aſſembly, elegantly obſerves, that " the freſh remembrance of ſin is like a pea in an iſſue, that keeps it open, and makes it run."

* St. Mary's pulpit was then of fine carved ſtone, but removed for one of wood, by Dr. John Owen, about 1654.

FEMALE FASHIONS.

THE preſent ſtile of dreſs is the moſt graceful that can be conceived. The veil, ſuſpended from the head, and covering the whole figure, is a happy device of modeſty blended with taſte, at a time when, from the ſhortneſs of the ſleeves, and the openneſs of the robe upon the boſom, delicacy ſeems to require ſome protection from the vulgar gaze. The light ſylphid forms are entirely exploded; nothing is conſidered ſo *outre* as a ſlender waiſt, while the *en bon point* to almoſt Dutch-like ponderoſity is the *ne plus ultra* of feminine proportions.

The head dreſſes are formed in an infinite variety, difficult to deſcribe under one general view. Some are compoſed in front with ſimple flowers, and ſome with feathers; they are intermixed with diamonds, bronze, &c. but all terminate with a ſuperb veil of various kinds, the gold and ſilver tiſſue of which is of an extremely light conſtruction, &c. The moſt elegant cap that has appeared for ſome time, is ſimilar to the prieſteſs. It is compoſed of a large goſſamer veil, with a rich Etruſcan border, and is, according to faſhionable report, the invention of Miſs Payne. This, and her beautiful nun's cap, ſeem to have induced all our elegantes to take the veil; but a veil whoſe beauty in-

dicates no wiſh to renounce the world and all its enjoyments. The Bacchante head dreſs is ſimple and pretty. The hair is dreſſed with great taſte; the front of the head is bound with grapes, and the back part covered with a veil. Goſſamer, crape and ſilk half-dreſs hats, with feathers to match, are univerſal, as are chips and ſtraws for undreſs. The cloaks are of light ſprigged or ſpotted lenous, narrow and lined with colours to match the hat or bonnet. The new mantle of goſſamer, bound all round with coloured ribbon, divided behind, and pendent before from each ſhoulder, has a light and pictureſque effect. The morning dreſſes have not long trains, but are made with long ſleeves, high collar, and faſtened with an antique to the throat. The bottom of the dreſs is trimmed in *cannelures*. White ſatin and ſarſnet dreſſes are much worn in the *beau monde*, as alſo crapes and thin muſlins of all kinds and colours, made very plain and ſimple, and worn over white ſatin or ſarſnet ſlips. White ſhoes are worn in full dreſs; in undreſs, they are of the colour of the ribbons, or of the robe. Short peliſſes of ſprigged lenous, faced or lined with colour, are worn in open carriages, with large muſlin bonnets to match. French grey riding dreſſes, and black beaver hats, quite plain, are coming into faſhion. A white crape Savoyard jacket, trimmed all round with ſilver, over a crape dreſs, and open before, is an elegant full dreſs for young ladies.

Account of a curious Burying Urn, found at Colney, in Norfolk.

By the Rev. WILLIAM GIBSON.

THIS burial urn was diſcovered by ſome labourers employed in raiſing gravel, at Colney, in Norfolk. It was depoſited about three or four feet below the preſent ſurface; it contained no coins, nor any other ſubſtance, excepting burnt bones, aſhes, and charcoal; and the earth in which it ſtood was of a brown colour, reſembling rotten wood, mixed with aſhes of charcoal, and pieces of burnt bone. It appears from farther enquiry, that iron ſpear-heads, inſtruments reſembling knives, a horſe-ſhoe of an unuſual ſhape, and fragments of ſmaller urns have, at different times, been dug up in or near this pit. The pariſh of Colney is only five miles diſtant from Colney, the unqueſtionable Venta Icenorum of the Romans, from whence a line, drawn in a north-weſt direction to Brannodunum (Brancaſter), an acknowledged Roman ſtation alſo, where under the *Comes littoris Saxonici, vel tractus maritimi*, the Dalmatian horſe kept garriſon, will paſs through Colney, Elmham, and South Creake. From this and other circumſtances, Mr. Gibſon conjectures that

theſe

theſe works may be a few links of a chain of poſts, ſuch as would probably be eſtabliſhed between a ſtation ſo important as that of Caſtor and Brannodunum, which was obnoxious to invaſion from the Saxons; while, perhaps, a ſimilar chain through Caſtleacre, where Roman remains are alſo found, might connect the Venta Icenorum with Caſtleriſing, an ancient and elevated fortreſs, overlooking one of the beſt harbours in thoſe parts, much expoſed to piracies, in which the Saxons ſhewed themſelves great maſters; where alſo are apparent veſtiges of Roman fortifications, perhaps more ancient; and where, according to Spelman, a coin of Conſtantine the Great was dug up, and brought to him.

PARTICULARS *of ſome Remarkable* SKELETONS.

AS ſome labouring men were lately digging ſtones in certain quarries, near the old family manſion belonging to the Right Hon. Earl Forteſcue, in the pariſh of Ebrington, near Campden, in Glouceſterſhire, they diſcovered about twenty ſkeletons, apparently of warriors, with fragments of armour, and ſeveral implements of war, of various ſhapes and ſizes; the whole of very remote antiquity. Many of the bodies were found laid with their faces downward, and not more than a foot in depth from the ſurface of the earth. Among the diſturbed remains were thoſe of a ſuperior officer or chief (ſo ſuppoſed), as by his ſide were found a ſword of excellent metal, and an iron caſque or head-piece; the ornamented top and rivets of which were plated with ſilver. This ſkeleton was depoſited at the depth of not more than three feet in the ground; and notwithſtanding the number of years it muſt have lain thus buried, the maſter bones were perfect and ſound, and the teeth in the higheſt ſtate of preſervation. A traditionary account prevails in the neighbouring country, that the villages of Ebrington and Campden were once united; that ſome ſignal battle was anciently fought in this part of the iſland; and that the ford at the end of Ebrington Brake, which now divides the above pariſhes, has, ever ſince that period, retained the appellation of Battle Bridge.

BON MOT *of* CHARLES I.

KING CHARLES I. of England, being with ſome of his court, during his troubles, and a diſcourſe ariſing what ſort of dogs deſerve pre-eminence, it was on all hands agreed to belong either to the *ſpaniel* or the *greyhound*. The king gave his opinion on the part of the latter—"Becauſe," ſaid

he, " the *greyhound* has all the *good-nature* of the other, without the *fawning* !"—A fine piece of ſatire upon his courtiers.

Curious SPECIMEN *of* ORTHOGRAPHY.

BOOLL BETTING.

AT Kingſbury May the 15—1804—On tuſday A Wanſday for A Large Selver table Spuoon Each Day, and A Great in Corigment to the Bringer of four Plaing Dogs.

A QUESTION, *by a Corniſh Miner.*

IN beginning to work a mine, if the metals, or minerals, are contained in a mountain, or riſing ground, it is firſt pierced in a horizontal direction, to drain off the water which would otherwiſe ſoon accumulate, and impede all further effort. This cut is called the drain or level. After the workmen, however, have proceeded a certain length in its formation, they begin to feel the want of freſh air. The oxygen, or vital principle of the air which ſurrounds them, begins to be exhauſted by their breathing it, and by their candles; for it is this principle which is the food both of reſpiration and combuſtion.

As there are no means of circulation, this is ſoon altogether exhauſted; the men feel a difficulty of breathing; the candles firſt burn dim, and are then extinguiſhed. They, of courſe, dare proceed no further, and then contrive a remedy for the evil.

The moſt effectual one is, to dig a pit perpendicularly from the ſurface, over the internal or external extremity of the level, and deep enough to communicate with it. A plentiful current of freſh air through the mine, is the immediate effect of this meaſure.

But, in ſummer, this current enters by the pit, and paſſes through by the level; and in winter, as regularly, enters by the level, and riſes up through the pit. Now, what is the ultimate cauſe of this variation in the current?

Anſwer, by S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot, to R. Thomas's Queſtion, inſerted January 2.

IF $\frac{1}{2}x-\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{^2}x = 195$, then will $195+\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{^2}x=\frac{1}{2}x$, therefore $\frac{1}{2}x=200=195+\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{^2}x$; conſequently $195+\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{^2}x\times 2=x$ $=400$; or $\frac{1}{2}x-195\times 80=400$, the number of volunteers in Bridgwater reſpectively.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS ———.

SAY, Charlotte, ſay; in pity tell me why,
Does my ſad heart repreſs the broken ſigh?
O! 'tis you only that can give it reſt,
And ſtay the tumults of my riſing breaſt.

In thy lone abſence how my mind has trac'd
Each bluſhing tint that glow'd upon thy face:
How watch'd each look, each happy ſmile that gave
Such lovely charms, the graces only have;
And tho' ſcarce heard a momentary word,
My ſoul felt all it ever has ador'd.
Let me then bleſs the ever-rapturous hour,
When firſt thoſe charms directed all their power;
Bid the ſoft paſſion grow with mutual rites,
And bind thoſe hearts that ſympathy unites.
Pleas'd with the happy thought I ſtrike the lyre,
More in the warmth of love than poet's fire;
And while this bent of paſſion I purſue,
Believe the dictates of a heart that's true.

May 16. C.

The Britiſh Bomb-Ketche's Challenge to the French Flotilla.

COME forth from your coverts, ye vaunted flotilla!
Or henceforth your vain galconading forbear;
If we get you between our Charybis and Scylla,
We'll ſoon make you double the Cape of Deſpair.

Come forth, if ye dare, or in maſs, or diviſion,
For, weary with watching, we long for ſome ſport,
And we'll ſhew you a ſample of Britiſh deciſion,
That, perhaps, will aſtoniſh the conſular court.

Our Veſuvius and Etna will make an exploſion,
That ſhall ſtrike you with dumbneſs, diſmay, and ſurprize,
While the ſmoke of our ſulphur will cover the ocean,
And veil from your views every glimpſe of the ſkies.

When our ſhells drop among you like red ſalamanders,
And burſt loud as thunder wherever they fall;
When our bullets fly hiſſing around you like ganders,
Alas! for the famous armada of Gaul!

O ye ſkulkers! of courage ſo ſhamefully thrifty,
To menace ſo mighty, achievemeet ſo ſmall,
Come out! and we'll combat you one againſt fifty,
Nay, make us a ſcore, and we'll conquer you all!

But you dare not abandon your rocky protection,
While the watch-dogs of Britain their ſtation can keep;
For you know, if they catch you, your pigmy collection
Would ſoon be conſign'd to the caves of the deep.

DESCRIPTION *of* TIVIOTDALE, *in Scotland.*

[From Leyden's Scenes of Infancy.]

SWEET ſcenes of youth! to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cheriſh'd with the ſacred tear,
When, in the ſoften'd light of ſummer ſkies,
Full on my ſoul life's firſt illuſions riſe!
Sweet ſcenes of youthful bliſs, unknown to pain!
I come to trace your ſoothing haunts again,
To mark each grace, that pleas'd my ſtripling prime,
By abſence hallow'd, and endear'd by time,
To loſe, amid your winding dells, the paſt—
Ah! muſt I think this lingering look the laſt!
Ye lovely vales, that met my earlieſt view,
How ſoft ye ſmil'd, when nature's charms were new!
Green was her veſture, glowing, freſh, and warm,
And every opening grace had power to charm;
While, as each ſcene in living luſtre roſe,
Each young emotion wak'd from ſoft repoſe.

Even as I muſe, my former life returns,
And youth's firſt ardour in my boſom burns.
Like muſic melting in a lover's dream,
I hear the murmuring ſong of Tiviot's ſtream:
The criſping rays, that on the waters lie,
Depict a paler moon, a fainter ſky;
While, thro' inverted alder boughs below,
The twinkling ſtars with greener luſtre glow.

On theſe fair banks, thine ancient bards no more,
Enchanting ſtream! their melting numbers pour;
But ſtill their viewleſs harps, on poplars hung,
Sigh the ſoft airs they learn'd when time was young:
And thoſe who tread, with holy feet, the ground,
At lonely midnight, hear their ſilver ſound;
When river breezes wave their dewy wings,
And lightly fan the wild enchanted ſtrings.

What earthly hand preſumes, aſpiring bold,
The airy harp of ancient bards to hold,
With ivy's ſacred wreath to crown his head,
And lead the plaintive chorus of the dead.
He, round the poplar's baſe, ſhall nightly ſtrew
The willow's pointed leaves, of pallid blue;
And ſtill reſtrain the gaze, reverted keen,
When round him deeper ſighs from ſhapes unſeen,
And o'er his lonely head, like ſummer bees,
The leaves, ſelf-moving, tremble on the trees:
When morn's firſt rays fall quivering on the ſtrand,
Then is the time to ſtretch the daring hand,
And ſnatch it from the bending poplar pale,
The magic harp of ancient Tiviotdale.

A COMPARISON.

SAW you the ſun obſcur'd at noon,
Burſt thro' the miſt, and fiercer blaze?
Saw you at eve the clouded moon
Shine out, and ſhed foul-ſoothing rays!

O! thus ſhall truth's eternal beam
Conſume foul falſehood's venom'd ſhroud!
Thus, thus ſhall lovely virtue gleam
Thro' calumny's malignant cloud!

A. R.

ODE *for his* MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1804.

By H. J. PYE, *Esq. Poet-Laureat.*

AS the bleſt guardian of the Britiſh iſles,
Immortal liberty, triumphant ſtood,
And view'd her gallant ſons, with favouring ſmiles
Undaunted heroes of the field or flood;
From Inverary's rocky ſhores,
Where loud the Hyperborean billow roars,
To where the ſurges of the Atlantic wave,
Around Cornubia's weſtern borders rave,
While Erin's valiant warriors glow
With kindred fire to cruſh the injurious foe,
From her bright lance the flames of vengeance ſtream,
And in her eagle eye ſhines glory's radiant beam.

Why ſink thoſe ſmiles in ſorrow's ſigh?
Why ſorrow's tears ſuffuſe that eye?
Alas! while weeping Britain ſees
The baleful fiends of pale diſeaſe
Malignant hovering near her throne,
And threat a monarch all her own—
No more from Anglia's fertile land,
No more from Caledonia's ſtrand,
From Erin's breezy hills no more
The panting legions crowd the ſhore:
The buoyant barks, the vaunting hoſt
That ſwarm on Gallia's hoſtile coaſt,
The anxious thought no longer ſhare,
Loſt in a nearer, dearer care,
And Britain breathes alone for George's life her prayer.

Her prayer is heard—the Almighty Power,
Potent to puniſh or to ſave,
Bids health reſume again her happier hour;
And as acroſs the miſty wave
The freſhening breezes ſweep the clouds away
That hid awhile the golden orb of day,
So from Hygeia's balmy breath
Fly the drear ſhadows of diſeaſe and death.
Again the manly breaſt beats high,
And flames again the indignant eye,
While from the cottage to the throne,
This generous ſentiment alone,
Lives in each heart with patriot ardour warm,
Points every ſword, nerves every Briton's arm,
Ruſh to the field where George and freedom lead,
Glory and fame alike the warrior's meed,
Brave in their country's cauſe, who conquer or who bleed.

MILITARY JEU D'ESPRIT.

"*Punica ſe quantis attollet gloria rebus.*"

A Colonel, by chronicles, late it appears,
In ſtyle gave a feed to his crack volunteers.
The diſhes were good, but the glaſſes ſo ſmall,
His heroes could hardly drink any at all.
The commandant thus, to his right and left wing,
Said, "Gentlemen, *charge*, let us drink to the king!"
A jolly ſub, eyeing his glaſs at the time,
Cry'd, "Colonel, here's hardly enough for a *prime*!"